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SCHOOL

A Comedy in Four Acts

By T. W. Robertson

Author of "Caste," "David Garrick," etc.



PHILADELPHIA
THE PENN PUBLISHING COMPANY

1908

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

Wallack's Theatre

J. D. LORD BEAUFOY,	MR. O. MARLOWE
P. DR. SUTCLIFFE,	MR. JOHN GILBERT
BEAU FARINTOSH,	MR. C. FISHER
JACK POYNTZ,	MR. LESTER WALLACK
A. MR. KRUX,	MR. J. H. STODDART
MRS. SUTCLIFFE,	MRS. VERNON
BELLA,	MISS C. JENNING
NAOMI TIGHE,	MISS E. GERMON
TILLY, MILLY, LAURA, CLARA, KITTY,	
HETTY	SCHOOL GIRLS

B. Kaufman, Mrs. Stern, _____

TIME OF PERFORMANCE—Two Hours and three-quarters

SCENE—In and near Cedar Grove House

TIME—The Present

—

Between the 1st and 2d Acts eight days are supposed to elapse.

Between the 2d and 3d Acts two hours are supposed to elapse.

Between the 3d and 4th Acts six weeks are supposed to elapse.

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ACT I—THE GLADE. RECREATION

ACT II—THE HOUSE. EXAMINATION

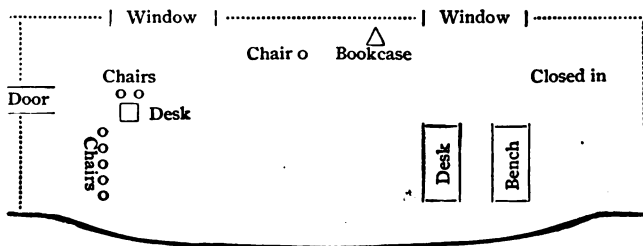
ACT III—{ THE GROUNDS } FLIRTATION

ACT IV—{ THE GROUNDS } REALIZATION

SCENE PLOT

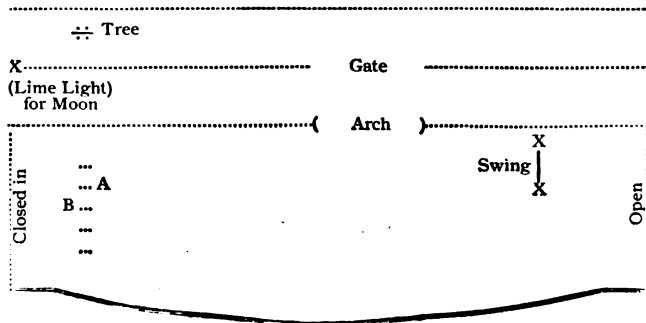
✓ **ACT I**—A Forest Glade. View of moss grown Fish-pond with Church in distance. At second entrance is a raised bank covered with earth cloth, and strewn with moss and flowers. Set rocks L. and R. A rocky seat at foot of tree L. C.

✓ **ACT II**—An Interior in Third Grooves, with view of Garden. A School Room.



Bookcase c. on F. Window R. to be half open from below. At L. window two globes. Maps on wall. Bust of Minerva over bookcase. Two long desks and seats L., lids of desks to open. Arm chair to small desk up R. and five chairs for side R. Carpet down.

ACT III—School Yard in Fifth Grooves. Moonlight.



★ Forest Landscape, Church in distance, same as Act I. A wall set in Fourth Grooves about ten feet high; gate in it at c. Trellis work with vine growing scantily over it to arched framework, connecting it with wall. L. side open.

✓ A bower in Second Grooves. A swing to work L. C. R. 1 and 2 E. a set House Front with practicable steps (B) leading from door in 2 E. Set Tree R. 4 E. with bough sufficiently strong to enable Beaufoy to hoist himself by it and look over wall. Three stools and garden chair on stage R. C.

ACT IV—The same as Act III. Time: Afternoon.

✓ COSTUMES OF THE PRESENT DAY

• PROPERTIES

ACT I—Baskets, books, garlands of flowers and leaves for school girls; book for Krux; small book for Bella; two explosions ready R., as for guns, deadened as if in the distance; table to fold up, three chairs to fold up, cloth, luncheon and service for three, wine bottles and glasses, basket to carry them in; a pair of large India-rubbers.

ACT II—Bowl and basket partly filled with green peas in pod; pencils, slates, pens, paper, books on desks R. and L.; a clothes brush.

ACT III—Three stools, chair; a piano is to play a waltz off R.; bell to ring off R.

ACT IV—The stools and chair as before; pumpkins on garden beds R., loaded chest on casters for rolling R. for noise of carriage approaching.

SCHOOL

ACT I

Music from "Cenerentola" before the curtain rises.

1 SCENE.—*A glade in a forest. BELLA discovered standing, C., on sloping bank under large tree. NAOMI seated, R., wearing a garland of wild flowers; TILLY on her R., MILLY and HETTY, R., behind NAOMI and TILLY; little child R. C.; LAURA asleep against branch of tree extreme L.; CLARA to her R., and LAURA R. of her.*

BELLA. And her two haughty sisters stepped into a beautiful carriage and drove toward the palace, and when they were out of sight Cinderella sat down in a corner and began to cry. Her godmother asked her what ailed her? "I wish—I wish," said Cinderella, but she sobbed so she couldn't say another word. The godmother said: "You wish to go to the ball." (*Imitation of godmother*) Now this godmother was a fairy.

NAOMI. I wish my godmother had been a fairy.

GIRLS. Hush! silence.

NAOMI. Girls without fathers or mothers ought to have fairies for godmothers to make up for the loss.

BELLA. "Be a good girl," said the fairy godmother, "and you shall go." "But," said poor Cinderella, "I can't go for I've no things fit to go in."

GIRLS. Poor girl! (*with deep sympathy.*)

NAOMI. If I hadn't nice dresses I should die.

GIRLS. Hush!

BELLA. "Run into the garden," said the fairy godmother, "and bring me a pumpkin." Cinderella brought a pumpkin, and her godmother scooped out the inside.

HETTY. (*eagerly*) Was it nice?

BELLA. The godmother scooped out the inside leaving nothing but the rind; she then touched it with her wand and the pumpkin instantly turned into a fine coach gilded all over with gold.

NAOMI. Bravo pumpkin!

GIRLS. Hush! Go on, Bella.

BELLA. Then Cinderella looked into the mouse-trap, where she found six mice all alive and kicking.

NAOMI. (*with a shudder*) I hate mice.

LAURA. (*waking up*) Whenever I think of mice they make me feel quite sleepy. (*Goes to sleep.*)

BELLA. Cinderella lifted the door of the trap very gently and the fairy godmother touched the mice and they turned into beautiful horses of a fine dapple gray mouse-color.

GIRLS. Oh!

BELLA. Then the fairy turned two rats into postilions.

GIRLS. Oh!

BELLA. And six lizards into six footmen.

GIRLS. Six—my!

BELLA. "There," said the godmother, "there is an equipage." "Yes," said Cinderella, crying hard, pointing to her nasty ugly gray dress, "but I can't go in these filthy rags." Then her godmother touched her with her wand, and her rags instantly became the most magnificent ball dress that ever was seen.

GIRLS. Oh!

BELLA. Covered with the most costly jewels.

GIRLS. Oh!

NAOMI. I should like to be godmothered in that way.

BELLA. To these were added a beautiful pair of glass slippers. Then Cinderella, seated in her beautiful coach, drove off to the palace.

NAOMI. (*sings*) Gee up, gee oh.

BELLA. As soon as she arrived, the king's son—

GIRLS. The king's son—

BELLA. A most beautiful young man—

HETTY. This is interesting.

BELLA. Presented himself at the door of her carriage, and helped her to alight.

HETTY. I should like to be helped twice to king's son.

GIRLS. Silence!

BELLA. The prince then conducted her to the place of honor, and soon after took her out to dance with him.

GIRLS. Oh!

CLARA. Think of that—a prince!

NAOMI. Hetty would like to eat a prince, wouldn't you?

TILLY. So should I.

CLARA. So should we all.

BELLA. The prince fell in love with her.

GIRLS. Oh!

TILLY. Why shouldn't he? I suppose princes fall in love the same as common people—

HETTY. But they don't do it the same way.

NAOMI. Go on, Bella. The prince fell in love.

CLARA. What is love?

MILLY. You stupid thing!

TILLY. Such ignorance!

HETTY. That stupid Clara!

CLARA. I don't believe any of you know; not even you big girls.

TILLY. Everybody knows what love is.

CLARA. Then what is it?

NAOMI. Who's got a dictionary? You're sure to find it there.

TILLY. My eldest sister says it's the only place in which you can find it.

HETTY. Then she's been jilted.

MILLY. My pa says love is moonshine.

NAOMI. Then how sweet and mellow it must be.

MILLY. Particularly when the moon is at the full.

NAOMI. And there's no eclipse.

TILLY. It seems that nobody knows what love is.

HETTY. I despise such ignorance.

CLARA. Then why don't they teach it us? We've a music master to teach us music, why not a love master to teach love?

NAOMI. You don't suppose love is to be taught like geography or the use of the globes, do you? No, love is an extra.

TILLY. Perhaps it comes naturally. Ask Laura what love is.

CLARA. (*touching LAURA, who is asleep*) Laura, what is love?

LAURA. (*waking*) J'aime, I love—tu aimes—(*all laugh.*)

Enter MRS. SUTCLIFFE, U. E. R. GIRLS rise and courtesy.

MRS. S. Well, young ladies, what is the cause of your merriment? What is the subject under discussion?

NAOMI. Governess, we wish you to tell us something.

MRS. S. What is it, dear?

NAOMI. What is love?

GIRLS. Yes. What is love?

CHILD. Yes. What is love?

MRS. S. (*dumbfounded*) What is love? I—I—here is the Doctor.

Enter DR. SUTCLIFFE, U. C. R.

MRS. S. Doctor, I have just had a most extraordinary question proposed to me.

DR. S. Indeed, dear.

NAOMI. Yes, Doctor, what is love?

ALL THE GIRLS. Yes, Doctor, what is love?

CHILD. Yes, Doctor, what is love?

DR. S. What is love? The cuneiform inscriptions on the Babylonian marbles have only been recently deciphered, so I will answer according to the comparatively modern notions of the Greeks. By them love was called Eros, but there were three separate Erotes. There was the Eros of the ancient cosmogonies. Hesiod, the earliest author who mentioned him, calls him the cosmogonic Eros. In Plato's Symposium he is described as the eldest of the gods. Then there was the Eros of the philosophers, and lastly the Eros of the later degenerate Greek poets, who said erroneously that he was the youngest of the gods. The parentage of Eros or Cupid is doubtful. It is generally assumed that he was the son of Zeus, that is Jupiter, and of Aphrodite, that is Venus (MRS. SUTCLIFFE *coughs*)—so that he was both the son and grandson of—(MRS. SUTCLIFFE *coughs*). That is love! I mention these facts because I am about to say no more upon the subject.

NAOMI. I know what love is.

MRS. S. (*aside*) Goodness forbid!

DR. S. How forward the child is.

NAOMI. (*taking BELLA'S hand, who has dropped down on her R.*) I love Bella, and Bella loves me, don't you, Bella?

DR. S. We all love Bella. It is impossible to know her without loving her. Goodness and amiability must command affection and esteem.

NAOMI. He talks just like a copy-book, doesn't he?

DR. S. (*taking her hand*) And I suppose, Bella, my child—(MRS. SUTCLIFFE *coughs*)—that you are going to aid the young ladies in their botanical researches?

MRS. S. Yes, young ladies, if you have sufficiently reposed yourselves from your walk across the meadow, you can resume your self-imposed labor.

GIRLS. (*going U. E. L., singing*):

Through the wood, through the wood, follow and find me,
Search every hollow and dingle and dell.
I leave not the print of a footstep behind me
So they who would search for must look for me well.

GIRLS *all off*.

MRS. S. It is an extraordinary thing, Doctor, that despite all my remonstrances you will constantly show your

too obvious preference for that girl, Bella. It has a most injurious effect upon the other pupils.

DR. S. My dear, she is an orphan without friends or protection, dependent entirely on us; that sad social anomaly, a pupil teacher, less self-reliant than a servant and only half a lady. Then poor Bella is so pretty and so young—

MRS. S. Ah! (*sits*) there it is, so young. (*Nearly weeping*) Cruel Theodore, to remind me of my lost youth.

DR. S. Amanthis, my love, that was far from my intention. You are too sensitive.

MRS. S. Your thoughts are ever fixed on the fleeting and unsubstantial charms of youth and beauty.

DR. S. No, no, no, no.

MRS. S. Yes, yes, yes, yes. Do you not remember five and thirty years ago?

DR. S. Amanthis, to recall that error of my youth—

MRS. S. It is always present to my mind.

DR. S. My love, I only danced with her three times, and it is five and thirty years ago.

MRS. S. I remember we had scarcely been married seven years.

DR. S. Since then you have been constantly reproaching me.

MRS. S. It seems but as yesterday.

DR. S. It seems to me much longer.

MRS. S. Ah! Theodore, unfeeling—

DR. S. No, no, Amanthis, I did not mean that. I meant that five and thirty years' conjugal serenity ought to compensate for dancing with a young lady three times at a ball, where, from the fault of hosts too hospitable, the negus had been made too strong. Come, Amanthis, don't be hard on Theodore. Think what Jason says: "*Credula res amor est*—"

MRS. S. "*Credula res amor est. Utinam temeraria dicar Criminibus falsis insimulasse virum.*"

Enter KRUX, R. U. E.

DR. S. *Insimulasse virum*—the contraction for the pentameter.

KRUX coming down, R. H., reading a book.

DR. S. Ah! Mr. Krux, enjoying this beautiful day?

KRUX. No, sir; I was enjoying this beautiful book.

MRS. S. (*rising*) What is it?

KRUX. Hervey's Meditations among the Tombs.

DR. S. Rather a serious work.

KRUX. Not to my taste, sir. This splendid sky, the flashing brook, the verdant meadow, these rustling trees and sweetly-singing birds, all turn my thoughts unto the grave.

MRS. S. Good gracious!

DR. S. It turns my thoughts to nothing of the kind. On the contrary, it sends them back to years when—

MRS. S. Not thirty-five years, Theodore. (*Aside to him.*)

DR. S. No, Amanthis, not thirty-five—to thirty-four or thirty-six, but not to thirty-five. Come, let us join the pupils. For the present, Mr. Krux. (*Bows; aside, going, U. E. L.*) Prig! I can't bear prigs, particularly young prigs.

Exeunt DR. and MRS. SUTCLIFFE, U. E. L.

KRUX. Upstarts! I hate those people; but then I hate most people. I think I hate most things, except Bella, and when I look at her I feel that I could bite her. Here she is.

Enter BELLA, I E. L.; *she crosses to R., reading a book.*

KRUX. Bella, where are you going?

BELLA. Mrs. Sutcliffe has sent me to fetch her goloshes.

KRUX. Stay one moment. Sit down. (*Sits on branch, L. C.*)

BELLA. Mrs. Sutcliffe told me I was not to loiter.

KRUX. What are you reading?

BELLA. A fairy tale. What are you reading?

KRUX. Hervey's Meditations. A different sort of literature. Do sit down.

BELLA sits on branch, R. of KRUX.

BELLA. (*reads*) "The king's son, the handsome young prince, was continually by her side, and said to her the most obliging things imaginable."

KRUX. What a beastly world this is, Bella, isn't it? Attend to me for a short time; I want to speak to you particularly.

BELLA. Be quick then.

KRUX. Dr. and Mrs. Sutcliffe are getting very old.

BELLA. They are not getting old; they are old.

KRUX. And, therefore, must soon die.

BELLA. Oh! Mr. Krux, what a dreadful notion!

KRUX. We are all worms, particularly the Doctor and Mrs. Sutcliffe. All men must die some time, Dr. and Mrs. Sutcliffe included.

BELLA. Mrs. Sutcliffe isn't a man.

KRUX. She ought to have been. But, as I was saying, Bella, when they are dead and buried—

BELLA. Mr. Krux!

KRUX. They will be no longer able to keep on the school, will they? Then who is to keep on the school, eh?

BELLA. I don't know. I don't like to think of such things.

KRUX. I do. I repeat, who is to keep on the school? I am the only resident master. I am known to all the pupils. •

BELLA. Alas! yes.

KRUX. I am known, and, I hope, loved.

BELLA. No, feared.

KRUX. It's the same thing in a school. Bella, you're a very good scholar—

BELLA. No, I'm not.

KRUX. Yes, you are, and you understand all about the kitchen-pies, and coals, and vegetables, and the like. You're an orphan.

BELLA. Yes. (*Sighing.*)

KRUX. So am I. You have no relations?

BELLA. No.

KRUX. Nor friends?

BELLA. Oh! yes! Dr. and Mrs. Sutcliffe, and the school and the people in the village.

KRUX. I don't count them—I have no friends.

BELLA. No, not one.

KRUX. When the Sutcliffes go why shouldn't we keep on the school?

BELLA. (*astonished*) We?

KRUX. Yes, you and I; we are quite capable. I am clever, so are you—we could enlarge the connection. You could manage the girls, I would manage the boys. Think how pleasant to make money, take in pupils, teach them and correct them; I should like to correct them—particularly the boys. We should get on, Bella, if we got married.

BELLA. Got married! Who got married?

KRUX. You to me, me to you. Mr. and Mrs. Krux, of Cedar Grove House. I love you, Bella.

BELLA. (*jumps up, dropping her book and going to c.*) Oh! don't—on such a nice day as this too.

KRUX. Eh!

BELLA. Poor dear Dr. and Mrs. Sutcliffe, to think of their dying! it makes me cry. (*Crying.*) So kind as they've been to me.

KRUX. She's a fool. (*Rises.*) Bella.

BELLA. Go away, you bad man, do, to think of death and marriage and such dreadful things. (*Picks up book.*)

KRUX. You won't tell the Sutcliffes, Bella, will you? I

proposed it all for your good, and because I love you. You won't tell 'em, will you, dear, and get me into trouble? Promise me you won't tell 'em. (*Humbly*) Promise me. do—do.

BELLA. I won't tell 'em if you'll promise me never to mention such subjects again.

KRUX. I won't, I'll take my oath I won't. Take your oath you won't tell them of me. Bella, take your oath, dear, will you?

BELLA. No, I give you my word. To think of our kind benefactors dying! You wicked man! I wonder that something don't happen to you—I wonder—(*two shots heard in the distance, R. H.*) Oh! (*KRUX frightened*) I won't stay any longer with you.

KRUX. Where are you going?

BELLA. To fetch the goiashes. (*Exit R. I E.*)

KRUX. A bad girl! A bad girl! A bad girl! She'll come to no good, if I can help it; an ungrateful beast, after the offer I made her. What is she? A nobody, a foundling, a pauper brought up on charity. (*Enter LORD BEAUFOY in shooting dress with gun, U. E. R.*) Oh! if she were a man I'd—

Enter JACK POYNTZ in shooting dress with gun, U. E. R., followed by two KEEPERS.

LORD B. Have you seen anybody pass this way?

KRUX. A young girl, sir, with a book?

LORD B. No, an old gentleman with two servants.

KRUX. No, sir.

JACK. (*aside*) What a mangy looking cur.

KRUX. (*aside*) Two young puppies.

LORD B. Are you sure this was the place where lunch was to meet us?

JACK. (*looking L. U. E.*) Yes, for here it comes.

Enter two GROOMS with lunch and little TIGER with two folding chair seats. The lunch is in a picnic case, two bottles of wine in small hamper; a tray stand and butler's tray form the table.

JACK. (*to KRUX*) Good morning.

KRUX. (*servilely*) Good morning, sir—(*aside*) Upstart beasts!

Exit KRUX, R. I E.

Enter BEAU FARINTOSH; he is led by VAUGHAN who carries a camp stool which he places at table for FARINTOSH.

FARINTOSH. (*going to JACK and taking his hand*) My dear

boy, my dear boy, how d'ye do?—the very image of my poor sister; so glad to see you.

JACK. Thank you, Mr. Farintosh, but my mamma had not the happiness of being your sister; that is Lord Beaufof.

FARINTOSH. Ten thousand pardons, but my eyes are so—so—so—which is him—where is he? (*Crossing and taking LORD BEAUFOY'S hand*) My dear Arthur, quite well, eh? strong? yes, you look so—very image of my poor sister.

LORD B. I'm quite well, Beau, you too, I hope.

FARINTOSH. Never better, never better—strong, active, fine condition, fine condition. (*Striking himself on chest.*) Bellows to mend—eh—bellows to mend—ha, ha, ha! Sit down.

LORD B. Let me introduce my friend, Mr. Poyntz—Mr. Percy Farintosh.

FARINTOSH. Poyntz—Worcestershire Poyntzes?

JACK. Worcestershire Poyntzes.

FARINTOSH. Knew your grandfather.—I mean your father—well. He was my second in Paris just after the battle of—of—No, no, no—sit down. (*They all sit.*)

LORD B. (*to SERVANTS*) You may go. (*SERVANTS exeunt, L. U. E.*) Will you allow me—?

FARINTOSH. Thank you, nothing before dinner.

LORD B. When we arrived at your place last night you had gone to bed.

FARINTOSH. Yes, early to bed, late up, my way—my way.

LORD B. And your man gave us your message, told us to shoot this morning, and that you—

FARINTOSH. Would meet you here to lunch if fine—pleasant in the open air. (*To JACK*) You appear to have a good appetite, Mr.—

LORD B. Poyntz.

JACK. Yes, I'm quite a celebrity that way. It's my principal talent.

FARINTOSH. A very enviable one.

JACK. It is convenient at dinner time.

LORD B. Your last letter said that you had some business—

FARINTOSH. Yes, yes, yes.

JACK. Shall I and the lunch retire and amuse ourselves together?

LORD B. No, no, Jack is an old friend. I presume it is on the old subject.

JACK. (*eating*) Ah! debt!

LORD B. No, marriage.

JACK. Ah! family troubles. Shall I—

FARINTOSH. No, no, no, Mr.—

LORD B. Poyntz.

FARINTOSH. Mr. Poyntz. My nephew and I are at loggerheads; you shall judge between us.

JACK. Most happy.

FARINTOSH. I wish him to marry.

JACK. Hard,—very; but some uncles are like that!

FARINTOSH. Have you ever been married?

JACK. Never, but once I was in quarantine ten days off Malta.

FARINTOSH. I have been married.

JACK. There I have the advantage of you; I am the singiest young person possible, open to competition, and to be influenced only by money.

LORD B. (*in answer to a look from FARINTOSH*) You mustn't mind Jack; it's his humor to talk in that way.

FARINTOSH. My poor wife died early. Had she lived I should have been a different man—a different man.

JACK. (*aside*) Dead most likely.

LORD B. It's a melancholy story, Jack, and I shall get over it quicker than the Beau. My uncle's wife died leaving a son—this son married—

FARINTOSH. Against my wishes.

LORD B. And he died—

FARINTOSH. Without seeing me that I might ask his pardon and forgive him.

LORD B. He, too, left a child. Of this child and her mother my uncle has been unable to find the least trace.

FARINTOSH. I would give thousands to find them.

JACK. Try the second column of the *Times*. If you were to put in an advertisement, "Wanted a young person to adopt by a gentleman of fortune," you'd have lots of applicants. Indeed, why go further than this present spot? Here am I ready to be adopted; I should like to be adopted by any gentleman or lady of means. Here you are, a strong, healthy, useful orphan, with good appetite and expensive habits all ready laid on—no objection to travel, or to go in single or double harness.

FARINTOSH. Your friend has a very singular humor.

LORD B. Yes, and it sometimes runs away with him.

JACK. And sometimes throws me when I least expect it. Pray forgive me.

FARINTOSH. But I want Arthur to marry.

JACK. But Arthur would rather not.

LORD B. I won't marry.

FARINTOSH. Did you ever hear such infatuation? It's tremendous! What was man invented for but to marry?

LORD B. My tastes are so singular. I should want such a singular wife.

JACK. What sort? Give particulars, name your age, weight, and color.

LORD B. My wife must be a woman.

JACK. Plenty about.

LORD B. Aye, but I mean a real woman.

JACK. That's difficult.

LORD B. Not a regulation doll of the same pattern as the other dolls; the same absence of thought, the same simper, the same stupid dovelike look out of the eyes. "I love mamma, I love papa, I go to church on Sundays and can walk and talk and play—"

FARINTOSH. Did you ever hear? It's profane—quite profane.

JACK. (*offering cigar*) Do you?

FARINTOSH. I don't smoke. (*Offering JACK snuff*) Do you?

JACK. I do everything.

FARINTOSH. How you must enjoy life.

JACK. (*smoking hard*) Sir, for sensual enjoyment I would give Caligula six and distance him. It's a great comfort having no intellect.

FARINTOSH. Many people find it so. Your language, Arthur, is blasphemy, perfect blasphemy against the loveliest portion of creation.

LORD B. What is loveliness? Something to be bought in bottles and put on with a brush.

FARINTOSH. You don't dislike beauty.

LORD B. No, but I hate paint.

FARINTOSH. Paint?

LORD B. Paint. Shall I promise to love and to cherish a plaster cast? Shall I swear to cleave only unto a living fresco decked out in dead hair? I want a young wife, not an old master. I want charms that won't rub off on my coat sleeve if I touch them before they're dry. Pigments and spices are for Egyptian mummies, not for breathing flesh and blood. Can I exchange words of love with one who, before she has spoken, is a built up falsehood? I choose men friends who don't tell lies. I choose women who don't look them.

JACK. Which means that when you're eighty you'll marry your cook because she doesn't use pearl powder when on active service.

LORD B. The charms of my love must be warranted to wash.

JACK. You mean not to wash off.

FARINTOSH. Arthur, I'm shocked. Your opinions are—are atheistic.

LORD B. It's not only cosmetics I do battle with. Some women would kill gallantry and chivalry by something called equality with men. What is equality with men? Having their clothes made by a he-tailor instead of a she-milliner. How pleasant for a man and wife to be measured together, or at an election for him to walk arm-in-arm to the hustings with a half mad, whole mannish creature who votes for the candidate you wish to exclude.

JACK. I agree with you there. If women were admitted to electoral privileges they'd sell them for the price of a new chignon; man, as the nobler animal, has the right to sell his vote for beer.

LORD B. Give me simplicity—I'm one of the old school.

FARINTOSH. And I'm one of the new. (*Rising.*) Give me chignons, cosmetice, perfumes, in short—civilization. I do not see why beings endowed with immortal souls should not repair the ravages of time by the appliances of art. As you say, it all depends upon the school one has been reared in.

JACK. What does it matter?—indeed, in this world, what does anything matter after dinner?

FARINTOSH. Your sentiments are revolting, and remind one of the works of Burke and Hare and Tom Paine and Voltaire and other persons out of the social pale. Knowing your singular views I had prepared a splendid *parti* for you—an heiress.

LORD B. I don't want money.

JACK. Not want money? You should be photographed. The man who doesn't want money deserves to be put into an album and kept there.

FARINTOSH. Miss Naomi Tighe, a West Indian heiress, without father or mother.

JACK. No father and no mother, and an heiress. It's a gorgeous thing in matrimonials. But why offer it to Arthur? He don't want it—I do.

FARINTOSH. She is at school close by here with some old friends of mine. I was asked to go and see the preliminary examination of the young ladies before the holidays. I thought it would be an excellent thing to take you with me, that you might see Miss Tighe, and as I hoped approve of her, for her guardians are also my oldest friends.

LORD B. I'd rather not go. (*Rises and beckons to SERVANTS, who enter, U. E. L.*)

FARINTOSH. The examination is to-day week.

LORD B. I'll go, uncle, to please you.

FARINTOSH. Will your friend accompany us?

JACK. Thanks. I'll go to please myself.

FARINTOSH. Here's Vaughan to take me home. always sleep before I dress for dinner. Till then—

JACK *appears to see something in the bushes off R.* KEEPER *offers him gun.*

JACK. No, the rifle.

KEEPER *gives JACK breech-loader, which JACK exits with,*
U. E. R.

FARINTOSH. What's he doing?

LORD B. He's going to kill a bird with a bullet; he's a wonderful shot.

FARINTOSH. (*to VAUGHAN*) Now give me your arm. Ah, there you are. Till dinner, Arthur.

Exit with VAUGHAN, R. U. E.

LORD B. (*alone*) Marry me to a young lady, all bread and butter and boarding-school! Time enough for marriage when I'm forty-five and want a waist-belt. Marriage! A pile of boxes when you travel. Female friends to tell your wife what happened, or what didn't happen before she was your wife. Hysteria when she's contradicted, tears when you are cruel—that is, when you won't let her have her own way. Mild accents of mother-in-law: "Is this the lot, sir, you have prepared for my dear child? Come home, love,—come home." By Jove, she might go home for me. There's always something the matter; a pain here or there—a sinking or a swimming, or a floating, or a darting, or a shooting—(*goes up, L. C.; shot heard, R. H.; BELLA runs on from R. I. E. frightened, losing her shoe as she crosses, and exit, L. I. E.* LORD BEAUFOY *does not see her*) Then the brothers. What a horror is the brother of the girl you're spooning, particularly if he is like her. The thought will come that she might have been him or he might have been her. No, love is a species of lunacy of which marriage is the strait waistcoat (*sees shoe left by BELLA*) What's this shoe? Child's shoe—no—woman's shoe—no—girl's shoe. (*Picks it up.*) Pretty little shoe, must belong to a pretty little foot—very pretty little foot. Now why on earth could any young girl come into this wood for the purpose of losing her shoe?

I should like to know who it belongs to. I feel quite a curiosity to—(NAOMI *screams without*, R. I. E.) Eh—perhaps this is the fair and shoeless owner.

Enter NAOMI, R. H., running, meeting BELLA in C. as she runs on from L.

BELLA. Oh! my darling, here you are!

NAOMI. Oh! I thought we were both killed—that dreadful cow!

LORD B. Quite girls, both. Now to which does this belong? It is the very tiniest shoe. (*Loudly*) Ahem!

NAOMI. Oh! it's the gentleman who shot him. Oh! sir, so many, many thanks.

BELLA. Sir, you saved our lives—pray accept our gratitude.

LORD B. Gratitude for what? surely not for finding—(*shows shoe*).

BELLA. I was walking across the meadow—

NAOMI. And I saw her and ran to meet her, when a great big ugly cow—

BELLA. Ran at us, and wanted to trample us to death.

NAOMI. When you shot him.

LORD B. I shot him?

NAOMI. And we ran away.

BELLA. We might have lost our lives.

LORD B. Haven't you lost anything else?

BELLA. No.

LORD B. No?

NAOMI. (*looking about, then feeling for her chignon*) No.

LORD B. I thought you had. (*Disappointed the GIRLS go up, L. C. JACK POYNTZ enters, U. E. R. LORD BEAUFOY crosses to him.*) Jack, was it you who fired just now?

JACK. Yes.

LORD B. What have you got there? birds?

JACK. No, boots (*holds up a pair of goloshes*).

LORD B. Good gracious! does it rain boots about here? (*Shows shoe.*)

JACK. Just now I was going to pot a bird, when I saw two girls running away like mad from what the newspapers call an infuriated animal, so I sighted him and hit him just between the horns, and out of compliment to my shooting he fell down dead, and the two girls ran away. I walked up to the scene of slaughter, and at first I thought that these (*holding up goloshes*) belonged to the defunct, but of course that was quite impossible.

NAOMI. (*advancing*) Then, sir, it was you who shot the cow?

JACK. Yes, I shot the cow ; the cow was a bull, but that is a detail.

NAOMI. It was you and not this gentleman ?

JACK. If a bull is shot what does it matter who shot it, particularly to the bull ?

LORD B. (*aside*) I wish I'd shot him. Confound that Jack ! what luck he has.

JACK. May I ask if you know the owner of these trophies from the field of battle ?

BELLA. (*advancing*) Oh ! they're mine.

LORD B. Yours ?

BELLA. Yes—at least I was carrying them to Mrs. Sutcliffe.

LORD B. Mrs. Sutcliffe ? (*Relieved.*)

NAOMI. Yes, our governess. (*BELLA takes goloshes.*)

LORD B. (L.) Then I presume that those belong to Mrs. Sutcliffe ?

BELLA (L. C.) Yes.

LORD B. Then Mrs. Sutcliffe's foot is somewhat large ; and who does this belong to ?

BELLA. (*looking at her feet*) Oh ! that's mine.

LORD B. Oh ! I'm so glad.

BELLA. I didn't know I'd lost it. I was so frightened. (*Takes it.*) Thank you so much, sir, for saving my—shoe. (*Goes up a little, L. C., and puts it on, and then comes down, L. of LORD BEAUFOY.*)

JACK. (R. C.) May I know whom I have the pleasure of addressing ?

NAOMI. My name is Naomi Tighe.

JACK. (*aside to LORD BEAUFOY*) The heiress.

LORD B. And your name ?

BELLA. Bella.

LORD B. Bella ?

NAOMI. We're both pupils at Mrs. Sutcliffe's.

BELLA. That is I'm not quite a pupil, I'm only a pupil teacher.

JACK. (*pointing to NAOMI's red petticoat, over which her dress is looped up*) It was this attracted the bull.

NAOMI. Oh ! don't look at me. I can't bear to be looked at.

JACK. How singular ! (*to LORD BEAUFOY*) This is the very girl your uncle spoke of.

LORD B. Yes ; do you think her handsome ?

JACK. Not bad for an heiress ; and the other ?

LORD B. Charming.

BELLA. If you please, gentlemen, don't mention to Mrs.

Sutcliffe that we have been attacked ; she is so nervous it would make her ill.

GIRLS *heard without*, U. E. L., *singing*, "*Through the Wood.*"

NAOMI. Here's governess.

LORD B. Let us go. Our staying may embarrass.

JACK. No, let's stop and see them take their galops.

GIRLS *enter* U. E. L., *and pass across and off*, U. E. R., *still singing. They are followed by* MRS. SUTCLIFFE *and* DR. SUTCLIFFE. NAOMI *goes off last of the GIRLS, taking her place in front of* MRS. SUTCLIFFE. BELLA *offers* MRS. SUTCLIFFE *the goloshes, which she does not take. BELLA follows behind* MRS. SUTCLIFFE, *turning and looking at* LORD BEAUFOY *as* Act Drop *falls, the singing dying away in the distance. LORD BEAUFOY and JACK watching from* R. H.

END OF ACT I

ACT II

✓
The school-room. Window, R. C., and to C., backed by landscape. Two long rows of desks set L. H., facing R. H. Maps on walls. Master's desk up stage, R. C.; small table under window, at which BELLA is seated, shelling peas. Four chairs set down stage, R. H., facing desks.

MUSIC FOR CURTAIN.

BELLA. (*hums*) Said the prince unto the maiden,
There is none I love but thee.
Let me hence then, said the maiden,
You are not of my degree.
Love can raise thee to a lady,
Say, my princess wilt thou be?
Faster, faster flew the maiden,
Faster, faster followed he.

NAOMI *appears at window, R. C.*

BELLA. Nummy, is that you?

NAOMI. Yes, dear, what are you doing?

BELLA. Shelling peas, and—

NAOMI. Yes?

BELLA. And thinking—

NAOMI. About the goloshes?

BELLA. (*nods*) But only a little, only a little.

NAOMI. Bella dear, I dreamt last night and this morning. I feel as if something were going to happen—that is, I feel quite hysterical, as if I should like somebody to hug or to scratch at. I dressed myself quickly on purpose that I might come out into the garden and have a good think. It is nice to think in the shrubbery.

BELLA. I'm afraid we are too young to have a right to think upon such subjects.

NAOMI. Not a bit. One is always old enough for a sweetheart. I'm eighteen; how old are you?

BELLA. I don't know.

NAOMI. Then perhaps you're twenty. I knew two girls who were married before they were nineteen, but then some people have such luck. Ain't you going to dress yourself for this examination like the other girls?

BELLA. This is my Sunday frock.

NAOMI. But you can have my pink, my darling ; you can wear anything of mine. (*Steals peas and eats them.*)

BELLA. You mustn't eat the peas, dear.

NAOMI. Why not ?

BELLA. They're not nice.

NAOMI. Yes, they are, if you eat them when nobody's looking. (*NAOMI runs away from the window as she sees MRS. SUTCLIFFE enter, R. H.*)

MRS. S. Bella, what are you doing there ?

BELLA. Shelling, peas, ma'am.

MRS. S. Shelling peas in the school-room ?

BELLA. They are so busy and so pushed for room in the kitchen with the dinner that I brought them here. I can take them back. (*Rises.*)

MRS. S. Oh ! it is nearly time that Mr. Farintosh and his friend should be here. Bella, if the young ladies are dressed, you can tell them that I will inspect them in this apartment.

BELLA. Here are the young ladies.

MRS. S. Good. (*They enter, R. H. D., and pass in front of MRS. SUTCLIFFE to their places.*)

MRS. S. (*to CHILD*) You shall be questioned with the others, to please you. What are you going to answer ?

CHILD. They condemned him to shoot—

MRS. S. Yes—yes, that's right. (*CHILD passes to her seat.*)

MRS. S. (*to NAOMI as she comes down on her R.*) Why, Naomi, my dear, you've been crying.

NAOMI. No, I haven't.

MRS. S. Miss Tighe, Miss Tighe, you should say I was mistaken.

NAOMI. Then you are, and if I have been crying it's only a few tears. (*Goes to her seat.*)

TILLY. What could you cry but tears—you couldn't cry cucumbers, could you ?

Enter LAURA, lazily, R. H. D.

MRS. S. Now, then, Laura, you're last again.

LAURA. Somebody must be last.

MRS. S. The Doctor will put you through an examination on the arrival of our friends. It will be an excellent bit of practice for the grand examination at the end of the half-year. The musical examination will take place after dinner in the drawing-room. Mr. Farintosh brings a friend with him, Lord Beaufoy, the owner of half a county.

TILLY. Half a county—which half ?

CLARA. And which county?

NAOMI. Is he a real lord?

MRS. S. Real—yes.

NAOMI. But I mean a real, real lord. When I get near him I'll pinch him and see if he is flesh and blood like other people.

TILLY. Oh! I dare say lords are very flesh.

NAOMI. And very blood—very good blood, I mean?
(*Gate bell.*)

MRS. S. Hush! They are here.

NAOMI. Oh! I feel so nervous; I should like to scream.

MRS. S. Young ladies, I have only time to say that I rely on you with every confidence.

GIRLS *all rise as enter* DR. SUTCLIFFE, FARINTOSH, LORD BEAUFOY, *and* JACK.

NAOMI. (*seeing* JACK) It's the cow. (*Giggling.*)

JACK. (*seeing* NAOMI) It's the little thing in red that had the attack of bullock—the heiress.

MRS. S. Young ladies, let me have the honor. Lord Beaufoy—

BELLA. (*at back*) He Lord Beaufoy?

MRS. S. Mr. Percy Farintosh, Mr.—

NAOMI *giggles*. MRS. SUTCLIFFE *looks at her sternly*.

LORD B. Poyntz.

MRS. S. Mr. Poyntz.

NAOMI. (*marking on desk with pencil*) Poyntz, Poyntz, Poyntz.

FARINTOSH. A friend who was staying with me, and whom I have taken the liberty—

MRS. S. Charmed. }
DR. S. Delighted. } (*Shaking hands.*)

FARINTOSH. My dear young ladies, permit me to say how highly I feel honored by being permitted, by the kindness of my friends, Mrs. Sutcliffe, and—and—Theodore—and the Doctor, to be present at this charming a—a—

LORD B. Inspection. }
JACK. Review. } (*Together.*)

FARINTOSH. Inspection, review, whatever it may be.

DR. S. Examination.

FARINTOSH. Examination. Indeed, that is one of the proudest privileges of my life.

MRS. S. My dear Mr. Farintosh!

DR. S. Percy, my old friend!

FARINTOSH. To see so much grace and beauty is like

gazing on a parterre of beautiful flowers whose colors are audible and whose perfume is melody.

DR. S. Bravo, very elegant.

MRS. S. Flowing.

LORD B. Like Tom Moore.

JACK. Broken-winded.

MRS. S. The old school.

FARINTOSH. Vieille école—bonne école.

JACK. Good show of girls.

FARINTOSH. That is new school—short, pithy, ungraceful.

JACK. And meaning what it says.

BELLA *has crossed toward* R. H. D. LORD BEAUFOY *sees and recognizes her.*

LORD B. My fairy in the wood.

NAOMI. It's the shoe-horn.

DR. S. Bella, my dear, you are not going.

BELLA. I—I—

MRS. S. (*down, L.*) Miss Tighe, let me introduce you to Mr. Percy Farintosh.

FARINTOSH. (*going to BELLA*) Miss Tighe, I knew your guardians intimately. I have—

MRS. S. That is not Miss Tighe; that is Bella, a little thing I took in out of charity—makes herself very useful about the house.

DR. S. (*comes down on MRS. SUTCLIFFE'S L., and crosses to BELLA*) The best scholar we can boast of—the pupil of whom I am most proud. Take your accustomed place, Bella, at the head of the class.

BELLA *goes to her desk.*

MRS. S. Pray be seated.

*They sit opposite GIRLS.**

NAOMI. I can't answer a single question if he looks at me.

LORD B. Handsome girls.

* DR. SUTCLIFFE

MRS. SUTCLIFFE
BEAU FARINTOSH
LORD BEAUFOY
JACK

BELLA
CLARA
KITTY
TILLY
NAOMI

MILLY
CHILD
HETTY

R. H.

LAURA
L. H.

FARINTOSH. Delightful. (*Aside*) Can't see a single feature.

NAOMI *giggles and looks at JACK.*

MRS S. Hush!—hush, Miss Tighe.

DR. S. The ancient Romans—

MRS. S. (*coughs.*) Doctor, as we are rather late and dinner will be punctual, if you would kindly make the preliminaries to the examination as short as possible.

DR. S. I will so, my dear. We will begin with Roman history. There were different forms of government in Rome. Please to inform me in what order these forms of government ruled the Roman people.

TILLY. First the regal power—that is the Kings—next the Consuls until the first Dictator was chosen; then the power of the Decemviri, consular government again, Imperial dictatorship—then the Emperors.

FARINTOSH. My dear Mrs. Sutcliffe, let me congratulate you on your fair charges.

JACK. How the *propria quæ maribus* they can remember it, I can't make out.

LORD B. I suppose it's cram.

DR. S. After Romulus had appointed the lictors, what other royal or civic guard did he appoint?

MILLY. The Celeres.

DR. S. Who were they?

MILLY. A guard of young men numbering three hundred, who accompanied Romulus for the purpose of defending him.

LORD B. Sort of Life Guards.

JACK. Without boots or breeches.

LORD B. Cool to fight in.

JACK. And convenient for fording rivers.

DR. S. Name the reign and date rendered illustrious by Belisarius.

NAOMI. The reign of Justinian in the year 561.

DR. S. Who was Belisarius?

TILLY. Belisarius was a Roman general, who rendered the highest service to his country.

DR. S. How was he rewarded?

CLARA. They deprived him of his dignities and put his eyes out.

JACK. That must have been done by a committee of the period.

DR. S. Now for English history. With regard now to the Druids. In what garments were the ancient Druids

clothed when they—(MRS. SUTCLIFFE *coughs*.) I should say—ahem! In what reign was the ceremony of marriage first solemnized in churches?

ALL THE GIRLS. In the reign of Henry III.

JACK. They all know that.

FARINTOSH. Wonderful; and all single girls, too.

DR. S. What is the difference between the political parties, Whig and Tory?

TILLY. None whatever.

DR. S. By whom were the Britons first conquered?

NAOMI. They were never conquered; they'd sooner die.

JACK. Girl of spirit, by Jove!

DR. S. In what reign was the famous Gunpowder Plot discovered?

CLARA. In the reign of November 5th.

BELLA. In the reign of James I.

DR. S. Who was the chief instigator, criminal, and author of that atrocious plot?

CLARA. Oliver Cromwell.

TILLY. Guy Fawkes.

DR. S. How was Guy Fawkes punished?

CHILD. They condemned him to shoot an apple from the head of his own son.

DR. S. Hum! Astronomy. How far distant is the moon from the earth?

NAOMI. It depends on the weather. (*Laughing*.) I knew I couldn't do it.

DR. S. Bella, dear—

BELLA. The mean distance of the moon from the earth is 236,347 miles.

JACK. Good gracious!

FARINTOSH. Wonderful.

DR. S. I told you Bella was our best pupil. And the diameter of the moon?

BELLA. Her apparent diameter is variable according to her distance from the earth. Her real diameter is 2,144 miles.

NAOMI. (*to TILLY*) What do they call the moon her for?

TILLY. They always call the moon her. The moon is a lady.

NAOMI. Then more shame for her to be out so late at night. What would they say if we did it?

TILLY. Consider her age.

DR. S. And her magnitude?

BELLA. About one-fiftieth of the magnitude of the earth.

FARINTOSH. Tremendous! In astronomical knowledge that young lady is a perfect Sir Isaac Davy.

Enter KRUX, R. H. door.

KRUX. Pardon my interruption, but the servant didn't like to mention that dinner was ready and—

MRS. S. Oh! thank you. I fear we cannot proceed with the examination further. Mr. Krux, as Mr. Farintosh has brought two friends, one more than we expected, I fear there will not be room for you at table; so if you wouldn't mind excusing—

KRUX. Oh! never mind me, Mrs. Sutcliffe, I am of no consequence.

MRS. S. Oh! thank you—so kind of you. (*Goes c.*)

FARINTOSH. (*to KRUX, who is on his L.*) My dear Doctor, so many thanks. I shall be able to tell you all my admiration during dinner.

MRS. S. Ladies, then until after dinner—when we will resume our studies.

GIRLS rise and curtesy. NAOMI makes eyes at JACK, who exits. FARINTOSH and MRS. SUTCLIFFE. DR. SUTCLIFFE touches LORD BEAUFOY, who is looking at BELLA. They follow off R. H. door. GIRLS chatter aloud. KRUX has a white mark on his coat.

KRUX. And they dine without me—and I'd kept such a good appetite because I knew the dinner was good. Silence, ladies. Oh! these upstarts! and the guests are as bad as the hosts. Ladies! That old fool and those two young idiots! I don't suppose they could conjugate a verb between them. Ladies, ladies, ladies! (*Rapping desk*) I must request your attention, Miss Hetty. Take your arms off the desk, Miss Laura; heads up. (*He turns to go up and shows white mark; they laugh.*) Silence, if you please.

NAOMI. He's been powdering himself for dinner.

TILLY. It's not powder, it's flour! He's been kissing the cook!

NAOMI. Oh! how I pity the cook. (*Laugh.*)

KRUX. What are you laughing at. There is nothing to laugh at in me, I should think.

TILLY. You've got your shoulder all over white.

KRUX. O Bella! fetch me a brush. Didn't you hear me? Fetch me a brush. (*Exit BELLA R. H. door. To CLARA*) What is the height of the Chimborazo Mountains?

CLARA. Four hundred miles. (*Laugh.*) No, I mean four hundred yards; I made a mistake.

KRUX. Wrong—mountains of that height do not exist. The height of the Chimborazo Mountains is about one mile. Where are the Chimborazo Mountains?

CHILD. Wherever you please, sir.

KRUX. That's a nice child. She's respectful though she's stupid. Where are the Chimborazo Mountains, Miss Naomi?

NAOMI. I don't know.

KRUX. Answer me, miss!

NAOMI. I can't.

KRUX. Why not?

NAOMI. Because I can't. I feel as if I could cry my eyes out.

KRUX. You're hysterical, and should go out and have your head pumped on.

BELLA returns with brush which she offers to KRUX.

KRUX. Oh! brush me. (*A pause.*) Did you hear me? Brush me.

BELLA. I can't do that.

GIRLS. What a shame! ;

KRUX. Silence in the class. Do you know who I am?

BELLA. I'm not a servant.

KRUX. Not a servant! If you shell peas you can brush coats. Then pray what am I?

NAOMI. You're a beast. Bella is here to teach ladies, not to brush blackguards. Insulting our Bella! Girls, don't put up with it.

Throws book at him; the others are about to follow her example when enter DR. SUTCLIFFE, MRS. SUTCLIFFE, LORD BEAUFOY and JACK.

TABLEAU

END OF ACT II

ACT III

✓
SCENE.—*The grounds of Cedar Grove House. Evening*
Piano music heard within house, R. H., and a joyous shout
of laughter from the GIRLS. LORD BEAUFOY discovered
seated on a garden seat.

LORD B. 'Pon my word, this is a very pretty place ; so secluded, rustic, and all that. People seem to pass their lives so innocently, so different from Paris or Vienna, or any big city. After all, big cities are only agglomerations of brick and mortar, while the country is made up of trees and fields, and flowers, and birds, and mushrooms, and truffles, and the rest of it. There's better shooting in the country, too. The dinner was very good, and it's eighty something miles from here to the moon ; eighty something—I forget the odd thousands and hundreds. Singular little girl that ; fresh as nature and artless as moss. I wonder who she is in her nice quiet gray dress, so different from those young persons in Paris, and the tremendous tame tiger lilies one meets in town. Ah simplicity, beautiful simplicity ! How you are neglected in this nineteenth century. She doesn't seem to be a boarder like the other girls. I don't care for that Miss Tighe. Poor Uncle Beau, he'll be disappointed in that match again. Jack's got my cigar-case. (*Feeling in his pockets.*) I must find him.

Enter BELLA, a large jug in her hand, I E. R.

✕ LORD B. I beg your pardon. (*Nearly runs over her.*)

BELLA. Oh ! my lord, you nearly made me drop the jug.

LORD B. I'm very sorry.

BELLA. It's of no consequence.

LORD B. May I ask you where you are going ?

BELLA. I'm going for some milk, my lord.

LORD B. Alone ?

BELLA. Yes.

LORD B. But do **you** feel equal to the task of going for milk without an escort ?

BELLA. Oh ! yes. Cook has used more milk than they expected for the dinner, and so—

LORD B. The deficiency has to be supplied. But it seems so odd that you should have to go for milk. I thought that in the country they always carried milk about

in cows. I mean that they had it on the premises, and drew it up in a bucket from a well.

BELLA. Drew milk from a well?

LORD B. No, no, of course, not milk—that's water, though sometimes the two things get mistaken or mixed up in one another, or rather both for neither. But couldn't they send a servant?

BELLA. They're all busy, and I'd nothing else to do.

LORD B. Very amiable of you, but perhaps you find it amusing.

BELLA. No, my lord, but I'm not a boarder here.

LORD B. No?

BELLA. No. Mrs. Sutcliffe took me into the house out of charity.

LORD B. God bless Mrs. Sutcliffe.

BELLA. And to please the Doctor.

LORD B. I mean God bless the Doctor.

BELLA. So of course I try to make myself as useful as I can, my lord, in return for their kindness.

LORD B. And your father and mother, do they approve?

Piano plays in house.

BELLA. I have neither father nor mother.

LORD B. An orphan?

BELLA. Yes.

LORD B. What an interesting girl!

BELLA. I never knew my parents. My mother died in the village close by when I was quite a baby, and then the poor woman where I was left, Mrs. Marks, brought me up till I was nine years old.

LORD B. Is that Mrs. Marks still living?

BELLA. No, my lord, she died two years ago.

LORD B. (*aside*) Confound these good folks! they always die, but I suppose it is to leave room for the bad ones.

BELLA. It was my first sorrow; then I came here and—

LORD B. And you are an excellent scholar.

BELLA. I have tried to improve myself in order that when I am older I may no longer be a burden.

LORD B. And who in the school is your most particular friend?

BELLA. Nummy.

LORD B. Nummy? What a singular name.

BELLA. I mean Naomi, Miss Tighe. We're the best friends in the school.

LORD B. She's very rich, is she not?

BELLA. Indeed she's as rich as she's good, so you can

fancy what a lot of money she has. She, too, is an orphan like me, perhaps that's the reason we're so fond of one another, though we're very different in some respects, for she is wealthy and I am not.

LORD B. Not wealthy! (*Aside*) How these great natures misunderstand themselves.

BELLA. But I'm forgetting my errand. (*About to go.*)

LORD B. Oh! never mind the milk; let it bring itself—I mean is it far to the moon?

BELLA. Eh?

LORD B. I mean is it far to the milk?

BELLA. Only across the field.

LORD B. That's a pity. May I be allowed to accompany you?

BELLA. Oh! my lord, so much trouble.

LORD B. No trouble. The milk here is so pure it's a pleasure to walk with it. I mean what a lovely night, so bright and— How far did you say it was from this grass plot to the moon?

BELLA. 236,847 miles.

LORD B. It's a long way.

BELLA. It's very kind of the moon to shine down here such a distance.

LORD B. Not at all. The grass plot is so soft and pleasant, the moon can't help it. (*A pause*) May I carry the jug?

BELLA. Oh! my lord, so much trouble.

LORD B. I should like it above all things. (*Takes jug.*) Thanks. Will you take my arm? (*Clock strikes eight.*)

BELLA. My lord, I don't like to.

LORD B. You should not take dislikes so suddenly.

BELLA. Oh! it isn't that. (*Takes his arm.*)

LORD B. What long shadows the moonlight flings! See, there I am.

BELLA. But so tall, so high.

LORD B. And there you are.

BELLA. But not so tall as you are.

LORD B. And yet you're nearer the skies. See—(*moving*)—now we're far apart.

BELLA. And now—(*moving*)—we're joined together. Wonderful things shadows are, are they not?

LORD B. Yes, when they lie before us.

BELLA. I often wonder what they're for—what they mean.

LORD B. No one can tell except poets and painters and lovers, and they know all things, and what they don't know they feel. See, we're divided again.

BELLA. No, the jug unites us. (*Piano.*)

LORD B. Only for the moment, only for the moment.
(*Exeunt, L. C. gate.*)

*Enter JACK, smoking, R. I E.; he walks slowly across stage
and sits in swing, U. E. L.*

JACK. Very nice girls these, particularly that Miss Tighe. —Girl of spirit, pitched into that infernal teacher—quite right. She's rather pretty, too. I wonder if she's clever; the two things don't often go together. When Nature makes a pretty woman she puts all the goods into the shop window. I wonder where she is; they were all walking about just now. My short day in these female infantry barracks has quite impressed me. Seeing a lot of young girls accidentally makes one feel like going to church when you are not used to it. Let me see, what is the quotation? —Oh!—"Those who went to cough remained to pray." (NAOMI *enters from R. U. E., and stands C., with her dress over her head.*) Here's a ghost. Now, really, this is pleasant. I'm fond of ghosts—particularly ghosts in petticoats. If you are the departed spirit of any late friend come back to earth to tell me that you've left me money, please mention it at once.

NAOMI. Weren't you frightened?

JACK. Awful. I'm a very timid man.

NAOMI. I've been in the shrubbery frightening the girls, but it's very slow work; I'd rather talk to you.

JACK. I feel flattered in the highest degree.

NAOMI. Now, don't go on like that; if you do, I shall run into the shrubbery. (*Going*) You mustn't come after me.

JACK. Not for worlds.

NAOMI. (*going, then returning*) I can't understand you at all.

JACK. Why not?

NAOMI. You talk so oddly. You seem to tell truths as if they were not true, and fibs as if they were truth, but I like to hear you.

JACK. To hear me tell fibs or the truth?

NAOMI. Both. Go on—tell me something.

JACK. What about?

NAOMI. About yourself.

JACK. Really, the subject is so barren.

NAOMI. What are you?

JACK. Nothing. It's the occupation I'm most fitted for!

NAOMI. But you must be something.

JACK. No, I'm only myself.

NAOMI. Were you ever anything before you were what you are now?

JACK. Eh?

NAOMI. I mean what used you to be?

JACK. I used to be a little boy, but I got nothing for it, not even the birch.

NAOMI. Lord Beaufoy said you'd been in the army? Were you a horse soldier or a foot soldier?

JACK. Foot—a very foot soldier.

NAOMI. And he said too that you were in the Crimea.

JACK. Yes, I was there.

NAOMI. Were you at the battle of Inkerman?

JACK. Yes.

NAOMI. Then why didn't you mention it?

JACK. Scarcely worth while, so many other fellows were there.

NAOMI. Did you fight?

JACK. I was forced to.

NAOMI. Did you like it?

JACK. No, detested it.

NAOMI. Then why did you do it?

JACK. I was hired for the purpose; besides, I hadn't pluck enough to run away.

NAOMI. Did they give you much money for fighting?

JACK. Not much; but if they gave me very little money I did very little fighting, so I was quite even with them in that respect.

NAOMI. I wish I was a man.

JACK. I don't.

NAOMI. Why not?

JACK. You're so much nicer as you are.

NAOMI. If you say that I'll run away.

JACK. Then I won't say it. I'll keep on not saying it.
(*Aside*) Charming girl for an heiress.

NAOMI. (*aside*) He's lovely, perfectly lovely. Are you fond of reading?

JACK. Well, yes, middling.

NAOMI. I am. Did you ever read "Othello"?

JACK. Yes. I don't consider it nice reading for young ladies.

NAOMI. Othello used to tell Desdemona of all the dangers he had passed and the battles he had won.

JACK. Othello was a nigger, and didn't mind bragging.

NAOMI. Still it must have been very pleasant for Desdemona.

JACK. A black man.

NAOMI. Yes; it must have been like looking at your husband through a piece of smoked glass.

JACK. As if he were a planet.

NAOMI. Or a heavenly body.

JACK. More like an eclipse. Shall we walk? May I be allowed—

NAOMI. I don't like to.

JACK. You'll find it go very easy. (*Piano.*) Am I too tall?

NAOMI. No, I like to look up. And you've never been anything at all?

JACK. Never.

NAOMI. Not even married?

JACK. Not even married. Melancholy waste of time, isn't it?

NAOMI. I know what could be made of you.

JACK. What?

NAOMI. You'd make a capital belfry.

JACK. Am I so deserving of a rope? Then you should be the belle.

NAOMI. Yes, I'd be the belle, and my tongue should go ding-dong.

JACK. Yes, you should be a ding-dong, a dindon, a dindon trouffe.

Exeunt I. E. L.

/ LORD BEAUFOY and BELLA re-enter door in wall, LORD BEAUFOY carrying the jug.

BELLA. We're soon back.

LORD B. I'm sorry to say we are.

BELLA. So, if your lordship will give me the jug—

LORD B. Must you leave me?

BELLA. I must take the milk to the kitchen.

Enter KRUX, R. U. E.

LORD B. Just as she was beginning to be so charming. (*Sees KRUX*) Oh! here, you'll do. (*Giving KRUX jug*) Take this to the kitchen, will you?

KRUX. Me, me—milk—me?

BELLA. I'll take it, my lord. (*Takes the jug*) I shall be back directly.

LORD B. I shall wait here.

Exit BELLA, R. I. E.

KRUX. My lord, such invidious distinctions!

LORD B. Pardon me, Mr.—

KRUX. Krux, my lord.

LORD B. Krux! I mistook you in the dark for—

KRUX. One of the female servants. Very natural, my lord. Beautiful evening.

LORD B. Beautiful. Good night.

KRUX. Good night, my lord. Hum—ha. (*Goes up and off*, R. U. E.)

BELLA *runs on from* R. I. E.

LORD B. I'm so glad you're come back.

BELLA. I made all the haste I could.

LORD B. The shrubbery runs nearly round the whole garden, does it not?

BELLA. Yes, my lord.

LORD B. (*offers his arm; she takes it*) You're sure that when I go away to-night you won't quite forget me?

BELLA. Not quite. On a first acquaintance and in so short a time I never—

LORD B. Never what?

BELLA. Liked to hear anybody talk so much. You're the first lord I ever saw.

LORD B. And you are the first little lady I ever took a liking to, and I shall be so sad at leaving you.

BELLA. Sad, my lord?

LORD B. Really.

BELLA. Why? (*Exeunt*, I. E. L.)

Re-enter KRUX, U. E. R.

KRUX. Where's Mrs. Sutcliffe? You wouldn't brush me, Miss Bella—would you?—and my lord takes me for a female servant. Very good—we'll see—we'll see.

Enter GIRLS, *various entrances*.

MILLY. Where is that Naomi?

CLARA. And Mr. Poyntz. Little flirt!

HETTY. To keep him to herself.

MILLY. I hate such selfishness.

HETTY. So do I. When one gets hold of a lord one ought to divide him fairly like a cake.

Enter TILLY, U. E. L.

TILLY. Girls—girls!

GIRLS. What?

TILLY *points*. LORD BEAUFOY *and* BELLA *cross at back, his arm round her waist. Clock strikes nine.*

TILLY. Well! (*When they are off.*)

MILLY. There!

HETTY. I never!

CLARA. Nor I; but I should like to—

LAURA. So should I.

MILLY. What?

LAURA. Go to sleep.

TILLY. That artful Bella.

MILLY. Hush!

KRUX *appears at the U. E. L., followed by JACK and NAOMI.*
JACK pushes him out of the way.

JACK. Take care—thank you.

TILLY. Oh!

MILLY. Oh!

GIRLS. Well!

MILLY. Oh! those two!

CLARA. You mean those four.

LAURA. Twice two are four.

Enter FARINTOSH with open letter followed by DR. SUTCLIFFE, MRS. SUTCLIFFE, and VAUGHAN, and KRUX, R. I. E.

MRS. S. Only another hour.

DR. S. A glass of sherry or a sandwich.

FARINTOSH. My dear friends, excuse me. This letter which my man has just brought me is most important. If I drive home immediately he can put my things together, and we can catch the night train to town.

MRS. S. But—

FARINTOSH. Forgive me, I entreat, and let me thank you for a most charming and instructive day, but this is imperative—imperative—the—the search of a life—of my whole life indeed. The news has so agitated me that I—I feel quite agitated. Where is Arthur?

JACK, *and* LORD BEAUFOY *and* BELLA, *and* NAOMI *enter.*

FARINTOSH. (*mistaking JACK for LORD BEAUFOY*) Oh Arthur, here you are. Important business takes me to town to-night, so I shall take the carriage. You and your friend can walk home; the night's fine—very fine. And apropos of your friend Mr. Poyntz, the girls tell me that he's been paying too strong attentions to Miss Tighe, whom I had

hoped you would have shown some—some—and I consider your friend's conduct very reprehensible—very reprehensible. (*Shakes hands*) God bless you.

JACK. So many thanks. A charming day.

NAOMI. And a most charming evening.

MRS. S. Delighted to see you at any time, Mr. Poyntz.

FARINTOSH. (*mistaking LORD BEAUFOY for JACK POYNTZ*) Of course, Mr. Poyntz, I need not say that my box is at your disposal so long as you choose to remain to shoot here—to shoot here. One word. These school-girls have wonderful eyes, they see everything, like me, and they tell me that Arthur has paid not the slightest attention to any one of them except a Miss Bella something. Now he shouldn't have done that, should he? Very wrong of him—very wrong. (*Goes up.*) So once more (*to DR. and MRS. SUTCLIFFE*) My dear friends, adieu, and wish me good luck in my search. (*Brings DR. SUTCLIFFE down mistaking him for MRS. SUTCLIFFE*) My dear Mrs. Sutcliffe, I must tell you one thing, but not a word to Theodore, not a word to Theodore—poor Theodore. I think he's looking very ill, very ill indeed. I noticed at dinner, too, that he drank too much, much too much; digestion going—take great care of him or you'll lose him, you'll lose him. Young ladies, good night, and bless you all very much. Receive the thanks of a man old enough to be the father of any one here, my dear friends, Dr. and Mrs. Sutcliffe, excepted; and I feel as if I were their child, I do indeed. Now (*taking KRUX's arm in mistake for VAUGHAN*), to the carriage and home quickly. (*KRUX disengages himself, VAUGHAN takes him.*) Oh! thank you, thank you. Good-night, good-night.

Exit FARINTOSH, VAUGHAN, DR. and MRS. SUTCLIFFE, and KRUX, R. I. E.

JACK. Arthur, you've been paying too much attention to that little girl. I'm surprised at you.

All the GIRLS except BELLA and NAOMI cross over to R. H. and converse together.

LORD B. Not more than you've been paying to the little heiress.

JACK. But heiresses are heiresses, and of course to heiresses one's intentions are always the correctest thing possible.

LORD B. Give me a cigar and a light. (*He does so.*) Do you think I've behaved badly?

JACK. Very. Walking her about and spooning her. I

shall keep my eye upon you. You belong to the old Satanic school.

LORD B. And you to the modern cynical.

JACK. Poor little thing! Like Faust and Marguerite.

LORD B. And you're the Mephistopheles.

JACK. Mephistopheles be—

LORD B. Unnecessary; he is already. (*To GIRLS*) Once more, ladies, good night. (*Looking at BELLA*) I trust I may say au revoir.

Exeunt at gate, L. C.

GIRLS. (*running across to NAOMI and BELLA*) Well, I'm sure, I—

Enter MRS. SUTCLIFFE, DR. SUTCLIFFE, and KRUX, R. I. E.

MRS. S. Oh! Mr. Krux (*agitated*), if it should be true. (*Sits on garden seat. BELLA comes to her and takes her hand.*) Don't touch me! How dare you—you whom I have reared out of charity—how have you behaved this night? Your conduct toward Lord Beaufoy is known to me. Touch me with your hand, or, rather—yes, give it me. (*Takes her hand.*) Where did you get that ring?

BELLA. Lord Beaufoy gave it me.

GIRLS. Lord Beaufoy!

KRUX. I told you, I told you.

MRS. S. You have been watched, you wicked creature.

KRUX. I did that.

MRS. S. Walking alone and talking to Lord Beaufoy.

NAOMI. But there's no harm in that. I was walking and talking with Jack.

GIRLS. Oh!

NAOMI. Mr. Poyntz, Mr. Poyntz.

MRS. S. Silence, Miss Tighe. Little did I think, when I took you into my house, I was nourishing a serpent in my bosom.

DR. S. My dear!

MRS. S. Silence, Theodore. Young ladies, to your dormitories.

GIRLS *go off silently*, NAOMI *trying to get word with BELLA*; *prevented by MRS. SUTCLIFFE and KRUX.*

BELLA. (*going to GIRLS*) Good-night; wish me good-night.

MRS. S. Don't stir, you abandoned girl, and do not dare to address any of the young ladies.

KRUX. Hussey! Too proud to brush her betters.

MRS. S. You leave this house to-morrow morning. The man will drive you to the station, and in London you can go for one month to my friend, Mrs. Stanton's. By that time you may find some situation. You to dare, under my very eyes, to cast out lures to my guests—you—

DR. S. My dear—

MRS. S. (*violently*) Theodore—silence!

DR. S. (*in a passion*) Amanthis, hold your tongue! (Mrs. SUTCLIFFE *dumbfounded*.) The pupils are not here now, and I will speak. Tell me, Bella (*raising her*), did Lord Beaufof give you that ring?

BELLA. Yes.

DR. S. And why did he give it you?

BELLA. I must not tell you that.

KRUX. There!

DR. S. Out of my sight, or I shall strike you. (*Exit KRUX, hastily, R. I E.*) Did Lord Beaufof tell you that he loved you?

BELLA. Yes.

MRS. S. I said so.

DR. S. Good heavens! what harm is there in that? Perhaps he spoke the truth. 'Tis easy to love Bella; I love her.

BELLA. O Doctor! (*Gratefully*.)

MRS. S. Take me into the house, or I shall faint.

DR. S. You are harsh and cruel!

MRS. S. (*weeping*) O Theodore! you no longer love me.

DR. S. No, dear. I mean yes—I—

MRS. S. Go, go, leave me, the same as thirty-five years ago. (*Nearly fainting*.)

DR. S. My love—my Amanthis!

DR. SUTCLIFFE *takes* MRS. SUTCLIFFE *off*, R. I E.

BELLA. (*transfixed*) Was I so wrong to listen to him? Is it so wicked to wear the ring he gave me? If I thought so I'd—(*about to throw it off, retains it*)—No, it seems to comfort me and give me courage. And to-morrow I must go. Must I leave you, my dear home, the only home I ever knew? And my companions, and the old servants who have been so kind to me? What will become of me? How can I face the world alone. (*Sobbing, sinking on her knees*.) I am thrust forth alone, alone, alone!

During the last few words NAOMI has opened the window and appeared on the balcony.

NAOMI. Not alone, dear. I'm here and I'll go with you.

Here's all my jewels—(*throws down small parcel on stage*)—and my purse. I know there's more than fourteen pounds in it—(*descends staircase*)—and we'll go together, and never, never will we be separated in this world, until death do us part.

The two GIRLS embrace each other and sob as they kneel upon the ground.

BELLA. No, no, Naomi—

NAOMI. I will, I will, I will. (*Fondling.*)

LORD BEAUFOY *appears on wall, near tree*, L. H. U. E. JACK
watching him at wall, R. U. E.

END OF ACT III

ACT IV

SCENE.—*Same as Scene 3. Morning. GIRLS discovered at play, skipping rope, battledore, hoops, etc. NAOMI sitting apart, pale and melancholy.*

MILLY. Naomi, will you play?

NAOMI. I've got a headache.

TILLY. Thinking of Bella?

NAOMI. Yes—thinking of Bella.

CLARA. Poor Bella!

NAOMI. I wonder where he is.

GIRLS. *He is?*

NAOMI. I mean *she* is. How could Bella be a he?

MILLY. You've never been well since she went away.

TILLY. And that's just a month ago.

NAOMI. A month to-day (*sighs. All the GIRLS mimic and sigh*). You're an unfeeling set of brutes, and if you tease me I'll slap your faces.

TILLY. Really, Miss Tighe, you should remember that you are with white young ladies, and not among your black-amoor negroes now. I should like to see you slap my face.

NAOMI. You shall feel me do it in a minute. Oh! I wish Bella was here.

TILLY. Bella was a servant.

NAOMI. She was not.

TILLY. She was.

NAOMI. She wasn't.

TILLY. She was.

NAOMI. She was not.

TILLY. Sighing about a little kitchen girl, because she was useful to you. Girls, did you like Bella?

GIRLS. Um—no—o!

MILLY. She hadn't enough spirit for me.

KITTY. She was so stupid.

CLARA. I thought her too clever for me.

LAURA. I didn't care much for her because she was always so terribly wide awake.

HETTY. I liked her.

GIRLS. Why?

HETTY. Because she often used to give me her bread and butter. (*Laugh.*)

School bell rings.

HETTY. Oh! there's breakfast.

GIRLS *going, R.*

NAOMI. I sha'n't go into breakfast. Dr. Sutcliffe said that when I had my headaches I might stop out here for the fresh air. I don't want any. (*Laugh.*)

TILLY. Fresh air—fresh—(*pretending to see her*) Oh! there's Bella.

NAOMI. (*turning*) Eh!

GIRLS *laugh and exeunt, R. I E.*

HETTY. (*going, returns and kisses NAOMI*) Never mind the sneerers, there are two acid drops. (*Gives her one and goes, R.*)

NAOMI. I wish I'd been a boy. I don't see what use girls are; boys are so much more manly. (*Looks around to see if she is unobserved, then draws letter from her bosom and reads*) "My dear, dear Naomi"—(*laughs, blushes, and hides her face in her hands*) "My dear, dear Naomi." (*Business repeated.*) "My dear, dear Naomi"—I read that so often that I hardly can get on to the rest of the letter.—"Though I have no business to write to you"—such nonsense!—"I cannot refrain from sending you these few lines to tell you what I have been doing since my last. You see, my love"—(*laughs, again*)—"you see, my love"—How well he does express himself, to be sure—he's quite an author—"You see, my love, I thought it necessary to see your guardians before I renewed my correspondence with you, because you are so young." I hate that! Jack's always flinging that in my face. People can't be born grown up, can they? No! I wish I was as old as Mrs. Sutcliffe, then people couldn't say I was too young. "However, Mr. Farintosh was so ill that he couldn't see anybody. The poor old fellow had a sudden attack, and for three days his life was despaired of. However, he is now better. I saw him yesterday. He could hardly speak, but as good fortune would have it, one of your guardians was with him, so I was introduced, and I am to dine with him to-morrow." I wish I was my guardian, to have my Jack to dine with him; but I dare say he won't appreciate him. It requires great intellect and good taste to understand Jack. "I have not heard a word of your friend Bella, beyond what I have told you. She arrived safely at Mrs. Stanton's, where Mrs. Sutcliffe sent her, and three days after she disappeared

Mrs. Stanton is of opinion that she has not gone to any situation. I have again tried to find Lord Beaufoy, but without success—so, dearest,”—Oh! that’s beautiful—“so, dearest, wish me good luck to-morrow at dinner, where I will feign all the interest in the money-market, and the tallow, ditto, and in hides, cochineal, indigo, and gray shirting which those interesting topics are calculated to inspire.” He spells cochineal with two E’s, but affection is superior to orthography, and I love him all the better for bad spelling. “And now, dearest Naomi, to talk about ourselves. When I first saw you I looked at you with curiosity, because I had heard that you were very rich; but when I left you that evening I felt that I was in love.”—Ah! (*sighs*)—“And since I left you, I am as unhappy as a sailor without a ship. You know that I am poor”—Now he is going to talk rubbish again! What has that to do with it? Ten thousand pounds couldn’t look, and talk, and walk as he does. Ten thousand pounds couldn’t have been fighting in the Crimea. Ten thousand pounds couldn’t put its arm round your waist and squeeze you, could it? (*fiercely, then subsiding into gentleness*) No! “But I love you fondly, truly, and devotedly, (*beginning to cry*) and if I am happy enough through old Farintosh’s intercession to please your guardians, the conduct of my life shall prove the truth of your affectionate and faithful Jack.” (*Crying.*) That’s real poetry. “Your affectionate and faithful Jack.”

Cries in her pocket handkerchief. JACK looks over wall.

JACK. (*whispering*) Naomi. (NAOMI starts.)

NAOMI. Is it you? (*hiding letter.* NAOMI opens gate, c. Enter JACK, muddy boots, etc. They come down stage and look at each other. A long pause.)

NAOMI. Well, what have you to tell me?

JACK. Loads, but now I see you I forget it.

NAOMI. When did you come?

JACK. By the night train. I walked from the station here, over the fields.

NAOMI. Then you haven’t been in bed all night?

JACK. No.

NAOMI. (*aside*) What devotion! Why did you come so suddenly, without letting me know?

JACK. I called yesterday at old Farintosh’s, and the servant told me he was so much better that he had started for his box here; so I came on by the night train, because I knew, Naomi, that he would bring me with him, and I should see you—so I wandered about waiting for him; for

I know that he'll be here shortly, but I couldn't resist looking over the wall, and—

NAOMI. Here I was. Then you've had no breakfast?

JACK. No.

NAOMI. Neither have I. What sympathy? But what can old Farintosh want so particularly with the Sutcliffes?

JACK. I don't know; but tell me what has happened here since—

NAOMI. Since Bella left. Oh! Mrs. Sutcliffe has been very ill, and the Doctor has been very cross. The other day I overheard him talking about Mr. Krux, and he said—D A M, dam!

JACK. Tremendous!

NAOMI. But my guardians, what did they seem to think of you?

JACK. They're both City men, and they can't think. By the way, do you know how old you are?

NAOMI. Yes, eighteen.

JACK. No, you're nearly twenty-one. Your guardians told me you were so forward, and they didn't know where to send you, so they deceived you on the point of age, intentionally.

NAOMI. What a shame! swindling a girl out of three years in that way. And Bella—

JACK. Poor girl!

NAOMI. I loved her so much, and she's never written a word to me. I think it pays best to put all your love upon a man. Girls are so deceitful, and men are quite the contrary.

JACK. Some men; there are men and—individuals.

NAOMI. Will you be always good to me?

JACK. I'll try.

NAOMI. I should like you to be bad though sometimes.

JACK. Why?

NAOMI. Because then I should have the pleasure of forgiving you.

JACK. I think I shall be able to accommodate you as far as that goes.

NAOMI. Jack, when a girl is in love, why do they call her spoons?

JACK. Because she's often carried to the lips. (*Kissing her hand.*)

Enter KRUX, R. I E.

KRUX. Miss Tighe! (*To JACK*) How do you do, sir? I hope I have the pleasure of seeing you in health.

JACK. Quite.

KRUX. I'm quite well, thank you.

JACK. I didn't ask the question.

KRUX. I did not know that you were here.

NAOMI. That's not the only thing he don't know.

JACK. I came to tell the Doctor that Mr. Farintosh is expected, and seeing the gate open—

KRUX. The gate open—tut-tut-tut—now who could have opened the gate?

NAOMI. The cat.

KRUX. The cat—what cat?

NAOMI. The cat I keep to scratch spies' eyes out. (To JACK) You've been in the army—tell me, would it be wrong to kill Mr. Krux?

JACK. By no means.

KRUX. Mr. Sutcliffe sent me to tell you Mr. Farintosh has arrived.

JACK. } Arrived?
NAOMI. }

KRUX. Yes, and here he is.

JACK. (to NAOMI) You'll hardly know the Beau again. Since his recovery he no longer dresses himself in the latest mode, but goes about like any other old gentleman, and looks much the better for it.

Enter DOCTOR and MRS. SUTCLIFFE, both very grave, R. I E.

JACK. My dear Doctor—Mrs. Sutcliffe, so glad to see you. I got here before Mr. Farintosh, and was just coming—

MRS. S. (*saluting JACK, seeing NAOMI about to go*) You may remain, Miss Tighe, Mr. Farintosh wishes to see you. (NAOMI *delighted*.)

Enter FARINTOSH, his appearance entirely altered; silver hair, whiskers, and his dress appropriate to his age.

FARINTOSH. My dear Miss Tighe, your guardians send you their love. Eh, Poyntz, you here? How's that, how's that?

JACK. I came down by the train because I heard you had come on here.

FARINTOSH. Very kind, very kind.

JACK. And while I was searching about—

KRUX. The garden gate was opened by the cat.

MRS. S. Eh, what?

JACK. I—I—saw the cat outside waiting to come in, so I opened the gate for him, or her.

KRUX. From the outside?

JACK. No, I was lifting the animal over the wall, when seeing Miss Tighe in the garden—

NAOMI. I opened the gate. Mr. Krux, you can shut it. (KRUX *shuts gate.*)

MRS. S. (*who is very pale*) Mr. Poyntz, let us thank you for the efforts you have made to find that poor child.

FARINTOSH. Yes, yes—a sad affair, a sad affair.

DR. S. A child I was so much attached to.

KRUX. (*sighing*) So was I.

DR. S. We have only just broken the news to our old friend.

FARINTOSH. It appears that the young lady went off with somebody—who was not a young lady. These things happen; girls are but girls, we must not expect them to be angels.

KRUX. (*shaking his head*) No, if you do you'll be continually disappointed, continually disappointed.

FARINTOSH. However, my dear friends, the news I bring will, I am sure, give you pleasure (MRS. SUTCLIFFE and DR. SUTCLIFFE, *and all except KRUX and NAOMI, sit on garden seat*), even in the midst of your grief. You know, Theodore, that my poor son (*with emotion*) died without my forgiveness. My boy died leaving a wife and child. For years I have been in search of them, but owing to the frequent names assumed by poor Fred for the sake of avoiding creditors, and to his having been sometime abroad, I could find no traces, either of my daughter-in-law or my grandchild. At last they are found.

DR. S. (*rising*) My dear old friend, receive my congratulations.

MRS. S. And mine.

NAOMI. (*crossing to FARINTOSH*) Oh! I'm so glad. It must be so beautiful to have a father.

FARINTOSH. (*keeping NAOMI's hand*) My dear child, you shall soon see our meeting. As I said, my lawyer has traced them out; my daughter-in-law, poor Fred's wife, is dead—

KRUX. I congrat— (JACK *silences him.*)

FARINTOSH. But her child lives, lives, lives, my dear friends; lives to be the centre object of my affections, lives to be a solace and a comfort to the few years remaining to me here, for I have been a foolish, vain old fellow, and tried to pass off for a young fop when I was only an old fool. I thought of all this night and day as I lay in bed when they told me I was dying, and the hardest pang of all was that I

should not live long enough to see my grandchild; but I recovered. I was never better, never so thankful, nor so well.

DR. S. We are so pleased.

MRS. S. Your happiness compensates us for our grief.

FARINTOSH. My dear friends, if you had children, or if you ever have, but I suppose that is almost past hope now, you could imagine my joy. You shall witness it; I invited you on purpose, for my granddaughter is here.

JACK. Here?

FARINTOSH. Yes.

NAOMI. Here? Is it Milly, or Tilly, or Laura, or Clara, or Hetty, or Kitty?

MRS. S. Did you bring her with you?

FARINTOSH. What—didn't I tell you? What a stupid old man I am. Now comes the tremendous and delightful surprise. My poor boy's last *alias* was Mountain, his wife's maiden name; pressed everywhere by creditors, she retained the name after his death. Mrs. Mountain, as she called herself, died in the village, here close by, leaving her child to an old woman called Marks, who brought her up—till you—you adopted her—you—you, best of men and women, you—my old college chum (*shaking* DR. SUTCLIFFE'S *hand*) and my old sweetheart (*kissing her hand*). She is known here by the name of Bella Marks. I suppose I saw her when I was here a month ago, but I don't remember her among so many perhaps—ah! me, I did not notice her. Now where is she? This is the supreme moment of my life. Give her to me. I can contain myself no longer. My heart is hungry for her. Call Bella, my grandchild—call her—give her to me. (*A pause*) What is the matter with you? Isn't she at home? Is she out on a visit? If so, never mind—send for her. (*NAOMI bursts out sobbing*) My child—she's not dead? (*NAOMI gives him her hand*) No, no, thank Heaven. Well, then, what—what—what? (*Getting alarmed*) Tell me—tell me! (*A pause*)

KRUX. Sir, if no one else will tell you, I will.

FARINTOSH. Go on.

KRUX. Bella, your granddaughter, left here six weeks ago. It seems that in mentioning the fact of a pupil who was missing in London Mrs. Sutcliffe has not mentioned her name. The girl whom she has told you of, who eloped clandestinely, was Bella Marks, I should say is Bella Farintosh, your granddaughter.

FARINTOSH. (*jumping up and seizing him*) You lie! I'll throttle you, dog, and kill you! (*JACK takes KRUX by the*

collar of his coat and twists him into L. corner.) It's not true. Theodore, my friend, say it's not true. Poyntz— (*To NAOMI*) My child, speak, speak!

KRUX. It's quite true upon my honor as a gentleman.

DR. S. My dear friend!

FARINTOSH. To find her, but to find her lost!

DR. S. It may not be so bad as we suppose.

MRS. S. My husband went to London to seek out—

FARINTOSH. And the name of the man she was supposed to accompany? (*Another pause*) His name—you may tell me—I can bear it now. His name, I say.

KRUX. Lord Beaufoy.

FARINTOSH. My nephew! (*Sinks into seat. Gate-bell heard; KRUX goes up and opens gate.*)

KRUX. Lord Beaufoy.

Enter LORD BEAUFOY; KRUX shuts gate.

LORD B. My dear uncle, Dr. and Mrs. Sutcliffe—Jack! (*Saluting them all gayly. Pause*) Why, what's the matter?

DR. S. (*rising*) My Lord Beaufoy, we believe that you, and you only, can tell us the hiding-place of Bella Marks.

NAOMI. (*crying*) My dear Bella!

KRUX. A most improper young person.

LORD B. The hiding place of Bella Marks? Yes, I admit I know it. What then?

DR. S. What then? But I forgot—Lord Beaufoy, you are ignorant that—

FARINTOSH. (*rising*) Let me tell him, Theodore. You are ignorant that Bella is my granddaughter and your cousin.

LORD B. No. Two days ago my lawyer, who, as you know, is also yours, informed me of the fact.

FARINTOSH. And fearing that I should alter the disposition of my property, you accomplished this ruin for revenge.

LORD B. Not so; when Miss Farintosh left Mrs. Stanton's I believed her to be only Bella Marks.

FARINTOSH. (*on his L.*) Then all may be repaired. Arthur, my nephew, you—you know I'm rich—my granddaughter shall inherit all I have—I can't last long—let me implore you—marry her.

LORD B. Marry her! Impossible.

FARINTOSH. Impossible?

LORD B. Yes, I cannot.

FARINTOSH. Why not?

LORD B. I am already married.

JACK and FARINTOSH. Married?

FARINTOSH. Secretly?

LORD B. Yes, secretly.

FARINTOSH. (*going to his seat*) My punishment—my punishment!

LORD B. (*to JACK*) And apropos, Jack—

JACK. Lord Beaufoy, understand that from this time we are strangers. My contempt for you is too deep for utterance.

LORD B. You shall apologize to me for those words.

JACK. Apologize!

LORD B. And be sorry that you used them. Your indignant virtue amuses me, and so does yours, and yours. I thought (*to JACK*) you were a cynic; you used to profess that no occurrence on this earth could be of the slightest consequence. Was your cynicism only a sham? If so how do you defend it? If mock virtue be a bad sort of hypocrisy, what is mock vice? For you—(*to DR. SUTCLIFFE and MRS. SUTCLIFFE*) how can you reproach me? Bella is contented and happy. She does not fetch or carry like a servant. She rings bells, she does not answer them. (*To FARINTOSH*) Your parental interest is a somewhat sudden spasm of affection. You've lived the last eighteen years happily without her. Whence this new-born feeling? Am I to suppose it is compensation, or too late remorse? or a desire to be tended by a nurse who takes no wages? Why has this neglected child become so suddenly an object of such tenderness? Not because she has been poor, unloved, and unprotected; but because she's the grandchild of a rich proud gentleman, who has forgotten his duty to her for twenty years, to remember it during his seventy-first.

DR. S. (*crossing to him*) Lord Beaufoy, ladies are present. I am an old man, but if you do not instantly quit this place, by Heaven I'll conduct you by the collar—

LORD BEAUFOY *bows politely to DR. SUTCLIFFE. All the GIRLS enter, I E. R.*

MILLY. Oh! Dr. Sutcliffe, we saw such a lovely carriage and footmen coming toward the school.

LORD B. (*to DR. SUTCLIFFE*) I will go without assistance; but before I go, Dr. Sutcliffe (*going up toward gate*), let me present you to Lady Beaufoy. (*Opens gate. Discovers BELLA dressed in bridal costume. Two FOOTMEN follow her on. To FARINTOSH, bringing her down*) My wife, and your grandchild.

FARINTOSH. My darling child! (*Embracing BELLA.*)

MRS. S. My favorite pupil !

NAOMI. (*suppressing a sob*) Please pass her round. I want to kiss her, too. (BELLA *crosses to* NAOMI.) Oh ! my darling—my true, real lady !

FARINTOSH *in his extreme delight kisses* MRS. SUTCLIFFE.

DR. S. My dear ! For thirty-five years—

FARINTOSH. But, my dear Arthur, how could you be so cruel ?

LORD B. My dear uncle—how could you be so suspicious ? Knowing that you wished me to marry in what conventional cant calls my own rank, I prevailed on Bella, who reluctantly consented to become my wife ; knowing that not even an Archbishop could unmarry us. Imagine my delight, when on my return to town, my lawyer informed me that unknowingly I had wedded my own cousin.

NAOMI. Of course you're cousins. It isn't unlawful for—no—cousins can marry. That's a real comfort, isn't it ?

LORD B. We went to your house, were told that you had flown here, came after you. I wished to present my lady to her old friends in proper form—and really your reception was such that I resolved to punish you. (*Music.*)

BELLA. (*to* FARINTOSH) You will not be ashamed of your grandchild because she has not been brought up amid the luxury to which she will try to grow accustomed ?

FARINTOSH. Ashamed ? My—my—my happiness is only too great.

BELLA. (*to* DR. *and* MRS. SUTCLIFFE) And you, my dear kind friends to whom I owe everything, will forgive me for the suspense I have caused you. I would have written, but my lord—

LORD B. (*correcting her*) Arthur.

BELLA. Arthur wanted me to keep silent, and—

DR. S. The end crowns the means.

MRS. S. My sweet darling, I had no apprehensions. I always knew that your destiny would be a high one.

BELLA. (*to* NAOMI) And you'll come and pass your holidays with me ?

NAOMI. Yes, dear, and you shall show me all your new things.

DR. S. (*to* LORD BEAUFOY) I have to ask your lordship's pardon.

JACK. I could bite my tongue off, Arthur, for what I said just now.

LORD B. Not another word ; you were all quite right. I told you, Jack, you would be sorry. (*Music ceases.*)

BELLA. Mr. Krux, I'm sure you wish me every happiness.

KRUX. Every happiness, Miss Bella.

NAOMI. Miss Bella! Do you know who you are talking to? Lady Beaufoy—Lady Beaufoy!

DR. S. Mr. Krux, if you would like to take your usual walk now, don't let regard for us prevent you.

KRUX. Thank you, Dr. Sutcliffe. (*Bows and goes off, L. C. gate.*)

NAOMI. (*quickly*) Jack, do you love me?

JACK. Naomi!

NAOMI. Then run after Krux and give him a good thrashing. You won't mind, will you?

JACK. It will be a pleasure.

Exit JACK after KRUX.

TILLY. (*down R., reading from book*) "Cinderella was then conducted to the young prince, who instantly asked her to accept his hand. The marriage ceremony took place in a few days, and Cinderella gave her sisters magnificent apartments in the palace."

MILLY. "And a short time after married them to two great lords of the court."

ALL THE GIRLS. (*cross to BELLA, L.*) Oh! my lady.

NAOMI. It's just like the story—prince, carriage, footmen, and all. (*Taking up pumpkin from flower-bed, R. H.*) And to think that this should ever grow up into that. (*Intimating the FOOTMEN, and placing pumpkin at their feet.*)

FARINTOSH. And in this fairy story what am I?

NAOMI. You're the godmother.

LORD B. (*taking case from FOOTMAN*) Knowing my wife's talent for narrative, I have here something I could only offer to her on this spot.

BELLA. Another present for me?

LORD B. A pair of glass slippers. (*Opening case and taking them out.*)

GIRLS. Oh! (*They go round LORD BEAUFOY and BELLA.*)

Enter JACK, D. L. C.

NAOMI. (*L. of him*) Did you do it?

JACK. (*C.*) Yes.

NAOMI. Did you hurt him much?

JACK. He said I did—and I believe he spoke the truth.

FARINTOSH. (*taking the hands of DR. and MRS. SUTCLIFFE*) See, my friends, how a good deed germinates into a great one. Your past kindness to a friendless orphan girl is the cause of all our present happiness.

DR. S. No, no; not so. Your nephew's nature is an exceptionally fine one. He is, in the highest sense of the word, a gentleman, and there is no sight under the sun finer than a true gentleman.

FARINTOSH. Except one.

DR. S. Eh?

FARINTOSH. A true lady.

DR. S. So many things are required for the composition of the real thing. One wants nobility of feeling.

FARINTOSH. A kind heart.

DR. S. A noble mind.

FARINTOSH. Modesty.

DR. S. Gentleness.

FARINTOSH. Courage.

DR. S. Truthfulness.

FARINTOSH. Birth.

DR. S. Breeding.

MRS. S. (*coming between them*) And above all—School.

The GIRLS have surrounded BELLA, and now draw back, discovering BELLA with glass slippers on.

MUSIC—CURTAIN

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BELLA, LORD BEAUFOY, GIRLS.

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